

The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1910.

BOUNCED BY BALLINGER.

One of Ballinger's troubles appears to be that he is lacking in the sense of proportion. This is clear from his letter dismissing the stenographer Kerby from his employment. He made too much of it; he ought to have kicked him out instead of explaining why it was that he dismissed him from the public service. The people will be quick enough to put Kerby where he belongs, and there he will stay forevermore. Business men will shun him, men of affairs will have nothing to do with him; but, according to the Associated Press dispatches, he will have his religion to fall back on and the First Battalion of Washington. In his letter of dismissal, Ballinger tells Kerby that he is unworthy to remain in the Government service, because he divulged certain information, obtained by him when he was acting in a confidential capacity, to those who were "wrongfully seeking to bring reproach upon the Administration," and because "in deliberately misstating facts as to what you did treacherously communicate, you show that you are unworthy and unsafe." That would seem to dispose of Kerby in an altogether just and delightful way. According to the New York Evening Sun, however, Kerby said last Saturday that he had no apprehension of his future, as "if Secretary Ballinger sees fit to fire me I have been assured by certain parties that they will get me another job."

We do not think that anything need be added to that diagram of Mr. Kerby. The Associated Press says that he is superintendent of the Fifteenth and Potomac Streets Mission and Sunday school of Christ Episcopal Church, in the southeastern section of the city, and has been remarkably successful in his work there; and at least he can get him to a nunnery or a monastery after the present disturbance has passed. The next employers of Mr. Kerby will require some sort of bond as to how much and what part of their correspondence he might, under sufficient provocation, give away. People who are engaged in business or politics are somewhat careful about those who are taken into their confidence.

Of course, we are sorry for Kerby, and particularly because he is a Sunday school teacher; but, as a matter of curiosity, and as wholly germane to the subject under discussion, we should like to know the names of the "certain parties" who "assured" him that "they will get me another job." Said the wise man: "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein." "He digged a pit, he digged it deep, he digged it for his brother."

And so on.

THE COLONEL FORGOTTEN.

The Colonel is the saddest man in all London to-day. The King may weep for his beloved father, and the Queen Mother—Heaven minister to her—may bewail the loss of a kindly companion and husband; nephews and nieces, Kings and Princes may all well regret the death of Edward the Peacemaker; but as they weep about the bier where England's hopes lie buried, they are not as tearful as the Colonel, who walks the floor in his room and glares at the blank wall. Yesterday he ate no pleasant bread, neither did he anoint himself at all. His valet trembled; the hotel "boots" ran by his door, white with fear; no man durst come near him.

The reason for all of this is that the Colonel was left out of the program yesterday. When the funeral cortege swept by, between soldiers with arms reversed and howed heads, there were no khaki breeches in the line. When Kings and Potentates, high and mighty, walked to Westminster, while the band played its solemn dirge, the streets did not echo with the giant's tread. The long line filed solemnly into the great Hall, where Kings have slept in other days, and above all the bowed heads there was no semblance. The King forgot the Colonel, and the latter could not show that he could mourn when mourning was in order.

We know it was a mistake, for if the Kaiser walked behind the funeral bier, why should not the Colonel walk before him? If young Attono, consumptive and ugly, had a place in the line, why did he not stand aside for his petters and let the Hero of Kettle Hill support His Majesty? We know it was all a mistake, we say, and we regret it happened—regret it for the King's sake more than for the Colonel's—but it was an awful mistake. How will history look on such an omission, and how will court painters, depicting the sad scene, perfect the picture, unless there be the Colonel, breeches and hat and spurs and all, in the midst of the mourners? It is too bad—and the Col-

onel really had worked out the details of his mourning so well.

THE COMET'S OWN DAY.

To-night is the night, and unless scientists have been deceiving the world for the last six months, the earth passes through the tail of the comet before another day dawns. Precisely at 11:20 o'clock, according to the astronomers, the earth and the comet's tail will come together, and about two hours will pass before the earth escapes from the comet's embrace and goes on its way rejoicing. These two hours will probably be spent very uneasily by a great many, in spite of all that scientists have said about the harmless nature of the comet's tail. We do not have such an experience every week, and we want our money's worth this time.

From all accounts, however, the passage to-night will hardly be noticeable to any one. Those who have been anticipating dire things will be disappointed, and those who have been thinking they would pay all of their debts and settle all their earthly accounts to-night will wake up in the morning with the balance on the same side of the ledger. There is a prospect of electrical display, which may interfere with telegraph and telephone wires, and it is not unlikely that the wireless service will be suspended for a few hours. Some optimistic astronomers even promise that we shall have a splendid meteoric shower and a brilliant illumination of the heavens, with unusual phenomena. This is about all that the most enthusiastic scientists will promise, and the chances are that this is more than the comet will fulfill.

No matter what it does to-night, the comet will ask to be excused from performance to-morrow, and will not be visible again until Friday evening. At that time it will be brilliant and can easily be seen from sunset, 7:15, until late in the evening. It will be at its best about the 28th, when the moon will have waned and when it will have no opposition in its attempt to make darkness light. It can be seen every evening until late in June, when it will disappear altogether and will not be seen again until 1912. By that time most of the present dwellers in this Earthly Paradise will have passed beyond, though it is hard to see how people can ever die when they live in Richmond.

After all, this has been a very well-promised comet, and if it fulfills the promises of its press agents, the astronomers, during the next few weeks, it will have deserved the thanks of the earth. Barring the discussion of the railroad bill and the death of King Edward, it came at a very dull season, and it has served to amuse the public and to help the newspaper men, without injury to any one.

Of course, it would have been a little better if the comet had made its first appearance at some other time than the early morning, because its advent at 2 A. M. has made observation a little inconvenient for ambitious star-gazers. Even here there is a consoling thought, because, coming at such an unearthly hour, the comet gave a few sleepless souls a chance to parade their astronomical lore and to tell their helpless friends all about it.

It will be here to-night and it will be yonder to-morrow, and it will not be back home again for seventy-five years; so those of us who are alive should thank Heaven that we are here to see it and to bid it goodspeed on its journey to other worlds.

STRANGE "POETIC LICENSE."

When the Connecticut soldiers were here last week—it seems an age since we saw them—Governor Weeks made a speech in which he declared that the two greatest American soldiers were George Washington and Robert E. Lee, Virginians. That was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The New Haven Register applauded the Governor for it, and everybody down South thanked Heaven that there was one Yankee who had preserved his intellectual vision despite the clouds and "darkness in which he has been enveloped from his youth up. Now comes the Waterbury American, however, with this querulous protest: "Governor Weeks at Richmond ruthlessly eliminated Grant when he said in a speech that the two greatest American soldiers were Virginians, Washington and Lee. . . . So we rise to say that the old version is still in print and regarded as orthodox by many, including ourselves." We do not know what "the old version" is, but we are glad to know that the American is "orthodox" on one thing, whether its orthodoxy be heterodoxy or not. We are willing to go so far as to say that General Grant was a successful soldier, and, as "nothing succeeds like success," we suppose that it is altogether natural that the Waterbury paper should esteem him for what he accomplished rather than for what he was. Alas! alas! however, the American has forced the Register on its base, and it pleads that "when one is with good fellows in Virginia, some poetic license is allowed. So the Governor and The Times-Dispatch, and even the Register, are allowed to plead under that privilege!" We do not know what Governor Weeks will say about that; but we believe that he will resent it as a reflection upon both his knowledge and sincerity. The Times-Dispatch certainly does not "plead under that privilege." It believes that what Governor Weeks said was true, not because he said it in Richmond, but because he could have said it with equal truthfulness in New Haven. The Register now moves to amend by making it three greatest soldiers instead of two—Washington, Lee and Grant—reserving to itself the right to extend the list always, let us hope, so far as any additions of new war are concerned, which means, of course, that the Colonel is eligible to the distinguished rank which, of right, he should

hold in the Walhalla of the fighting nations of the world. If our contemporary will consent to add the name of the Colonel, on the principle that "the jests at scars that never felt a wound," we shall submit ad lib, and nem con, to its view of heroes, heroes who are good enough for it even if they do not quite measure up to the standard of the world in military prowess.

We really thought better of the Register than this. It knows, as we know and all the world knows, that the two greatest American soldiers were Virginians, but if the Register would like to add Grant for the purpose of saving its subscription list, we shall not make any objection, knowing that "business is business"; but we think it all the same, for having expressed its genuine sentiments on this question, even under the cover of poetic license. One of these days we shall show that, after all, Sherman—peace to his ashes, for he was an expert in ashes—had a somewhat clearer view of the rights of the conquered than Grant. This demonstration, however, will keep until after Congress has adjourned.

May we express the hope, in conclusion, that Governor Weeks will hold fast to that which is good and true?

HOW IT CAME BY ITS NAME.

Great preparations are now being made for the commencement exercises of the three colleges at Due West, which has recently enforced its public utilities by street lamps, thus adding, we are told by the correspondent of the Charlotte Evening Chronicle, to the "dignity of the town." It would take more than street lamps, however, to add dignity to Due West, which does not shine in that way, but rather by the lamp of education. "This is but another manifestation of the progressiveness of the town which the Great Commoner once designated as the 'Drumchetter of America.'" "The Great Commoner" in this reference is the Hon. William Jennings Bryan; but, as matter of fact, he did not so designate Due West. This apt description was first employed by the former editor of The News and Courier, and he knew what he was talking about. As we go along, it would be just as well to keep the record straight.

A MINISTER AGAINST PROHIBITION.

Rev. William A. Wasson has resigned as rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Riverhead, Long Island, and has announced that he will go on the lecture platform to speak against prohibition. Mr. Wasson resigned of his own accord, after a ministry which is said to have been most successful, and his retirement, we are told, will cause sincere regret in his parish. Many of the men and women to whom he has ministered in distress and want are open in their expression of regret at his removal, and feel that a power for righteousness will be gone when he has left his community.

In the country at large, however, among those governed by prejudice and not by reason, Mr. Wasson's decision to speak against prohibition will bring down anathemas on his head. He will be held up as an enemy of righteousness, an apostle of darkness, and he will be cited in a thousand pulpits as a warning example. A minister of the Church speaking as the champion of high license and as the avowed opponent of prohibition! The very thought will be repulsive to many and will make many of his brothers thank God that they are not as other men, even as this Publican.

We do not know Mr. Wasson, and consequently have only the opinion of his parish on which to form an estimate of his character and sincerity; but we know that he has the courage of his convictions and has not hesitated, at any time, to express his contempt for statutory prohibition. He believes that high license is the best solution of the liquor problem, and he has expressed this belief in a hundred speeches. Undaunted by opposition and fearless in the face of abuse, he has stood consistently against what he believes to be a shame and a deceit. He has been reviled in a hundred pulpits and condemned at a hundred meetings, but he has kept on his way and has not yielded a point.

This does not mean that Mr. Wasson is a saint or a martyr, any more than it means he is a heretic and an apostle of evil. It merely means that if he is sincere he deserves respect, and that if he is honestly opposed to prohibition he has as much right to preach against it as any minister has to preach for it. If toleration is more than a name, it gives to every man the right to his opinion and the right to express that opinion.

The time is coming when all but the dogmatic will recognize the truth of this principle and will cease to denounce every man who honestly thinks that prohibition is not the best solution, or even a fair solution, of a problem the seriousness of which all men recognize. Mr. Wasson may not think that day is near at hand, but he and every other advocate of real temperance can be assured that the liquor problem will never be solved until that day.

THE BAPTISTS IN BALTIMORE.

Delegates returning from the Southern Baptist Convention give an entirely different account of the meeting from that which was published in some of the newspapers, and they think the spirit of the meeting has been greatly misunderstood. Where discord was reported, harmony prevailed, and where reaction was chronicled, solid progress was made.

A great deal was said in the press dispatches about discussions in the convention which indicated a movement on the part of the Baptists to draw more closely their denominational lines, especially in the debates on the Sunday school lesson and on mission work in Panama. So far as the former is concerned, the

convention was reported to have declared, in effect, that the International Sunday School Lessons were unjust to the Baptist churches. As a matter of fact the objection made by some of the delegates to the International Sunday School Lessons related to only one phase of the lessons. Some years ago, it appears, the committee which outlines the lessons was prevailed on to adopt a series of graded lessons for use in the junior classes of Sunday schools. In these lessons, according to a number of authorities, the redemptive character of Christ's ministry was not sufficiently emphasized. Some of the attendants upon the convention in Baltimore were among those who held this view, and they asked the convention to appeal to the International Committee to emphasize this side of the lessons. This naturally no more concerned the Baptists than the Methodists or Presbyterians or any other denomination, and was, in reality, part of a general movement which is to be taken up among several denominations. Viewed in this light, there was nothing startling or in anywise alarming about the action of the Southern Baptist Convention. It was simply a matter of judgment or a matter which was in no sense dogmatic or denominational.

The Panama question was exaggerated to a degree. It appears that the Southern Baptists maintain a number of missionaries in the Panama Zone, who are doing their best under difficulties to uphold the Church among the thousands engaged in digging the canal. Heretofore the Y. M. C. A. has been the chief force in Christian work in the canal and has advocated more or less of a union between the various missionaries of the Zone. The Baptists at Baltimore decided that such a union was not all that might be done, and they put themselves on record as favoring the erection of churches in Panama to carry on Christian work. This was not a slap at the Y. M. C. A. and was no more than many churches have done in many missionary fields.

We are glad that this is the real situation, because the reports which came from Baltimore could hardly be credited by those who know the real sentiment of the great Baptist Church and appreciated the effort being made by wise men within that Church to increase love among all brothers and to strengthen the bond of Christian unity. As the matter turns out, this is precisely what the Baptists did. Their meeting was unusually cordial, and the sentiments expressed by many of the delegates indicated a degree of Christian fellowship that appealed very strongly to all who look for the advancement of the Kingdom upon Earth.

WHY NOT BUY THEM ALL?

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh," have been some of the speeches made by the piano people at their meetings in Richmond. Brother Droop, the president of the National Association of Piano Dealers of America, came out strong in his annual address on Monday for ship subsidies, so that our mails and commerce might be carried in American bottoms. He declared that "the situation is truly appalling," and we are inclined to believe that he is right in a sense; in the sense that the grafters have not abandoned their attempts to break into the Treasury for the benefit of the shipbuilders. So far there has been no difficulty in obtaining all the transportation facilities we require for such commerce as we have to offer to the rest of the world, the Government reports showing that there has been a steady and most gratifying increase in our tonnage for foreign markets. But when it comes to the question of planes it might be possible to do a little better than we have been doing, and in lieu of the proposition made by Brother Droop, we would suggest that it would be cheaper for the Government to buy the piano output of the country outright rather than to appropriate the money that would be necessary to build up a merchant marine with Government largess. Last year the pianos exported from the United States were worth \$336,120. Let the Government agree to buy \$336,120 worth of pianos every year. This would be cheaper than voting several million dollars of unearned increment to the shipbuilders.

SHOPPING AT SEA.

There used to be a time when the ocean was a place of calm and recreation. A man might get aboard a slow steamer at New York, might put to sea, and might be assured that he would have nothing more serious than the gossip of his fellow-passengers to break his rest until Land's End hove in view. He might leave his business thoughts at home and might breathe easy in the thought that he would not know what the stock market was doing or what his factory sales were before he established cable communication with the other side. In those days the sea was the resting place for the lazy and the weary man—the one place where business could not encroach and trouble could not reach.

All of this was changed when young Marconi perfected his wireless apparatus. Wall Street men could follow the ticker in the saloon of the great liners, and the grand dame could read the latest social items in the ship's daily paper. This broke the spell of the sea, but it was only the first step in the process that has made an ocean liner about the busiest hotel in



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the world. Entertaining tradesmen soon established department stores on the ships; photographers invaded the forecastle, lecturers and soloists stationed their bally-hoos at the door and did a land-office business, until men decided that the passage-money was about half of what an ocean voyage cost.

The latest device, however, is the most striking. "An exclusive old Bond Street House"—that is to say, one whose prices are prohibitive—has decided to place agents on a number of the great liners. These agents will exhibit to bored matrons and maids the very latest goods on the London markets, and will enable them to be abreast of the fashions before they reach the other side. Orders are to be taken and are to be flashed by wireless to the other side, so that the dresser can be ready when the ship reaches London. To make the temptation all the greater, the "exclusive

Bond Street House"—which is manifestly run by a Baxter Street manager—is to have living models aboard the ships. These maidens, arrayed in the glories of the London market, are to parade the ships at certain hours and are to show all badly-dressed Americans how they can be improved by patronizing the Bond Street House.

There you are. It will be fine for the women, but it will be hard on the men who have to pay the bills. Papa will have to "come across," as they say in Charlotte, before he leaves New York; then, when daughter finds how much behind the times New York really is, he will have to pay for dresses by wireless, and finally, when London reveals its glories, new dresses will have to be purchased. There will be no recourse for the man whose wife or daughter wants to shop at sea. It will be a case of "Stand and deliver," when there is nothing to amuse the women except to buy.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Tobacco Manufacturers.

Can you suggest to me some method by which I could obtain the names and addresses of the various tobacco manufacturers west of Lynchburg? Every effort I have made has been a failure. I am dealing in tobacco, and would like to extend my connections.

A. B. M.
If you will address the Collector of Internal Revenue, Richmond, Va., he may be able to give you the information you desire.

The Eradication of Fleas.

Can you suggest anything for ridding a house of fleas? We have re-

cently been greatly annoyed by them, and would be glad of any information you can give.

Write to the State Department of Health, 1119 Capitol Street, Richmond, Va., and ask for the bulletin on "Insect Carriers of Disease." This contains information regarding the eradication of fleas.

The Wild Ash Deer.

Three readers have sent us copies of the "Wild Ash Deer," which was requested some days ago. If the reader who asked for it will send us a self-addressed stamped envelope we will be glad to forward same to him.

WHO WILL RULE OVER ROULETTE KINGDOM?

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

SOME two or three weeks ago I mentioned in these letters that the Emperor of Monaco was taking steps to eliminate his only son, Crown Prince Louis, born of his first marriage, to Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton, now Countess of Fife, from the succession to his throne. The Official Gazette at Monte Carlo now formally announces that the Crown Prince has been absolutely refused to recognize, the throne of the principality would, according to its laws of succession, pass to the German Duke of Traudo, whose mother, Princess Florentine, was a sister of the late Prince of Monaco. But the duke, who is married to a princess of the reigning house of Bavaria, and whose father was the offspring of a morganatic union between the royal Duke William of Baden and Baroness Wilhelmine Tunderfeldt, is not only a German heart and soul, but also an enthusiastic officer of the German army, commanding an important cavalry brigade.

While France has tolerated the existence of the nominally independent principality of Monaco, on what is virtually part and parcel of its soil, as long as the throne was occupied by a house of the old French aristocracy, namely, that of De Matignon, which secured possession thereof through marriage with the only child and heiress of the last of the Grimaldis, it could hardly afford to permit the establishment of a thoroughly German dynasty at Monte Carlo, and its passing into the hands of a ruler who by his marriage with an English princess and sympathies would not only be wholly subject to Teutonic influences, but as an officer of the Kaiser's army, would undoubtedly bring the principality within the sphere of the Teuton Empire. Indeed, Monaco under the Duke of Traudo would afford an opportunity to the Mediterranean of incalculable value to his navy, and which would need to be a radical change in the maritime and land defenses of France.

Inasmuch, therefore, as France could not possibly tolerate the duke's succession to the throne of Monaco, it is rather idle to speculate as to what would be his attitude towards the public gambling establishment at Monte Carlo, to which, by reason of his very pronounced religious sentiments and great piety, he is understood to be firmly opposed.

proud to belong. This Museum of Oceanography, which was inaugurated the other day, in the presence of a special envoy sent by the Kaiser of Germany and by Italy, is the greatest hobby of the Prince's life, the one thing to which he looks to secure lasting fame for his name and a place in the annals of science, if not a niche in history, and he has lavished upon it enormous sums of money. He wishes it to endure after him, and appreciating the fact that the institute is one of the very few permanent organizations in France, which has survived many revolutions and changes of government, and that it was on this account that the late Duc d'Aumale bequeathed his favorite home, Chantilly, to its care, he has arranged that the ownership of the museum and all its contents, with an adequate endowment, should pass on his demise to the institute.

Concerning the Yseburgs. Princess Marie Yseburg-Budingen, whose betrothal to Don Domingo Alois, a member of an old patrician house of Piedmont, and very rich, has just taken place at her parents' chateau of Wächtersbach, in Hesse-Nassau, will be remembered by many people in this

country, as having spent the greater part of the winter before last in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston, the newspapers at the time being full of reports of her engagement to the son of Professor Hirsch, one of the curators of the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, the story originating in the fact that she made the trip to the United States in the company of the Hilprecht family.

The Yseburgs are not rich. In fact, quite a number of them have occupied the limelight, in connection with financial difficulties, during the last two decades, and it was probably on this account that Princess Marie's younger sister, Elizabeth, was permitted to marry last year a Frenchman whose more than bourgeois birth was atoned for by his wealth, and who, bearing the name of Louis Desrousseaux, obtained some months ago from the Vatican the papal title of Duke of Vandieres. Vandieres being the name of the village adjoining one of his estates in the Department du Maine, in France, it is necessary for her addition, that not having secured the authorization of the French government to accept of use this foreign title, the dignity of Duke of Vandieres cannot be employed by its owner in any official or legal document.

The Yseburg family enjoyed petty sovereignty until it lost its throne in the great upheaval of Central Europe, caused by Napoleon at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the other mediæval houses retained a number of prerogatives, including that of marrying on a footing of equality with the now reigning dynasties of the Old World.

The family is in no sense of the word unknown on this side of the water. One of its members, Prince Leopold, was over here as a suitor for the hand of the daughter of the railroad car magnate, until the latter, learning that if the marriage took place the girl would not be received on a footing of equality by her husband's relatives, and that her children would be barred from succession to the family estates, peremptorily vetoed the match. The prince has since wedded Princess Olga of Saxony, and makes his home at Darmstadt. His brother Charles married in London an American girl, Miss Bertha Lewis, of New Orleans, and retained for himself somewhat awkward position in Germany, makes his home with her husband and wife, but she, like another brother, Prince Victor, on marrying, at Nuremberg, Leonine Rohrer, was compelled to wed her morganatically, and retained for himself the Grand Duke of Hesse the title of Baroness Rombach, since she is debarred in Germany, where she and her husband make their home, from using the title of Princess Yseburg.

The mother of these three princes, namely, the Dowager Princess of Yseburg, is by birth an Austrian archduchess, and attracted some attention a few years ago by her kindly, though altogether unimpassioned, efforts to bring about the rehabilitation and reform of her misguided niece, Princess Louise of Tuscany, ex-Archduchess of Austria, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, and now separated from her Italian husband, the pianist Toselli. Princess Yseburg chaperoned the ex-Crown Princess for a time, but was obliged to give up the task as a bad job.

Another Princess Yseburg, aunt of that Princess Marie whose betrothal is just announced, has undergone still more extraordinary experiences; for, having been divorced in turn by her cousin, Prince Adalbert Yseburg, and by her second husband, Baron Robert Engonhardt, of the Yseburg army, she endeavored to recoup her fortunes by means of hotel-keeping enterprises in Germany and in Switzerland, which involved her only in the bankruptcy, but also in charges of fraud, followed by the issue of warrants for her arrest, and the publication of official notices that she was "wanted" by the police.

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